

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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WHOLE NO. 739.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A CARD.

MR. EDITOR: Card writing seems to be the order of the day, particularly with reference to Capt. John Brown and his insurrectionary movements at Harper's Ferry. We have heard through the public journals from many of the great men and some of the great women too who are said to be connected with the "bloody attempt to dissolve the Union," to push forward the irrepressible conflict, "and to incite the slaves of Virginia and Maryland to cut their masters' throats." Giddings, Hale, Smith, the Plumb, and others have denied any knowledge of, or connection with the "mad scheme or its crazy perpetrators." Why this hasty denial? Why all this haste to throw off the imaginary disgrace or danger, which may grow out of complicity with this daring friend of Liberty and lover of mercy? Were the noble old hero and his brave and faithful followers, engaged in a mean, selfish, and dastardly work? Were they "plotting crime" against the rights of liberty of any human being? Were they in Virginia to take the property or lives of men who respect the rights of life, liberty or property in others?—Capt. Brown was engaged in no vile, base, sordid, malicious or selfish enterprise. His aims and ends were lofty, noble, generous, benevolent, humane and Godlike. His actions were in perfect harmony with, and resulted from the teaching of the Bible, of our Revolutionary fathers and of every true and faithful anti-slavery man in this country and the world.

Does not the holy Bible teach that it is the duty of the strong and powerful to assist the weak and helpless, that the rich should succor the poor and needy? Does it not command us to remember those in bonds as being bound with them? Does not the Bible plainly say, "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them?" and further: "he that stealeth a man and selleth him or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death."

Did not Capt. Brown act in accordance with these Biblical principles and injunctions? He went into Virginia to aid the afflicted and the helpless, to assist the weak and to relieve the poor and needy. To undo the heavy burden, to let the oppressed go free, to do to others as he would have them do to him. And above all to put to death, as the papers tell us, those who steal men and sell them, and in whose hands stolen men are found. His actions then are only the results of his faithfulness to the plain teaching of the word of God.

The renowned fathers of our celebrated revolution taught the world that "resistance to tyranny is obedience to God," that all men are created equal and have the inalienable right to life and liberty. They proclaimed death but not slavery, or rather "give me liberty or give me death." They also ordained and established a constitution to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity. (It is to be remembered that they have a large colored posterity in the Southern States.) And they further declared that when any government becomes destructive if these ends, namely, life, liberty, justice and happiness, it is the right of the people to abolish it and institute a new government. On these pure and holy principles they fearlessly entered into a seven years war against the most powerful nation of the earth, relying on a just God, whom they believed would raise up friends to fight their battles for them. Their belief was more than realized. The friends of freedom came to their assistance.

Did not Capt. Brown act in accordance with the foregoing revolutionary principles? Did he not obey God by resisting tyranny? Did he not in all things show his implicit faith in the equality of all men and their inalienable right to life and liberty? When he saw that the governments of the South were destructive of these ends, did he not aim to abolish them and to institute a new government laying its foundation on such principles as to him seemed most likely to secure the happiness and safety of the people?

Some will say no doubt that the teaching of the renowned fathers had no reference to negroes, for says Judge Taney, the prevalent opinion at the time of the revolution was that "black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect." Insect: earnestness did the "great and good men of those days" which tried men's souls, have no higher idea of liberty and the rights of man than that: "Did they believe in a one-sided, selfish, partial, sectarian freedom? Liberty for proud 'Anglo Saxon' and chains and fetters for 'all the world and the rest of mankind.' I think they must have had a higher, a nobler idea of man and his inalienable right." But be this as it may, the Abolitionists, the true friends of God and humanity, are applying both the doctrines of the Bible and the teaching of the fathers to every human being, whether white or black, bond or free. We Abolitionists profess to propagate no new doctrine in politics or morals, but to urge all men to practice the old well-defined and immutable principles "of the fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man." Liberty and equality belong naturally to the entire brotherhood; and the man who takes from his brother his liberty, becomes a tyrant and thus forfeits his right to free.

Now it is plain to be seen that Capt. Brown only carried out in his actions the principles emanating from these three sources, viz: First—The Bible. Second—The Revolutionary Fathers. Third—All good Abolitionists.

If, then, Brown acted on these pure and righteous principles, why are the friends of justice, liberty and right so hasty in denying all connection with him or sympathy with his ends and aims. Perhaps they see the "bloody gulf" of the "at-frighted slavery" rising before them in awful horror. Or more probably they see a political grave yawning to receive them.

But to speak of myself, I have no political prospects and therefore no political fears! For my black face and curly hair do me in this land of equality to political damnation and that beyond the possibility of redemption. But I have a neck as dear to me as Smith's, Hale's, or Giddings', and therefore I must like them publish a card of de-

nial. So here it is. But what shall I deny? I cannot deny that I feel the very deepest sympathy with the immortal John Brown in his heroic and daring efforts to free the slaves. To do this would be in my opinion more criminal than to urge the slaves to open rebellion. To deny any connection with the "dark and deadly plot" would be worse than non-action. The fearless chivalry of the Old Dominion would prove me guilty without the least difficulty. For their heroic imaginations now convert every harmless pillow into an infernal machine, behold the veritable Capt. Brown in every peaceful non-resistant Northern abolitionist, and see in every colored man the dusky ghost of Gen. Nat. Turner, the hero of Southampton. So their testimony against me would be imaginary, their trial a farce, but their rope halter would be a stern and binding reality.

But there is one thing which I must deny. The man who "floods" the National Democrat of Cleveland with fausts to the infinite disgrace of the city, but to the great gratification of the Custom House clique, says that "Langston seems to be the most sensible of the whole party." This I positively deny. With these explanations and denials, I hope the Marshal of the Northern District of Ohio, the Federal Administration generally, and all slave holders, and particularly all official "smelling committees" will be fully satisfied.

C. H. LANGSTON.

Cleveland, Nov. 1859.

From the Cleveland Leader.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN JOHN E. COOK.

We have kindly been permitted to publish the following touching and frank letter from Capt. John E. Cook, addressed from Charleston prison to Mr. and Mrs. Sellers, of this city. It will be seen that the representations of letters and despatches that Capt. Cook shrinks from and trembles at death, do injustice to the doomed man. It is not death, but the manner of it, which discomposes him. His neat, scholarly manuscript betrays no tremor of hand, and the sentiments evidence a heroism and a warmth of affection worthy of a better fate. The letter will be read with interest.

CHARLESTOWN JAIL, VA.,

November 16, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER OF MY ADOPTION: After a long interval of silence I sit down to write to you. Not as of yore, in freedom, but a doomed man within a prison cell, wearing a prisoner's chains. As one who has heard his death sentence spoken and whose hours of life are numbered.

Oh! if you little thought when last we parted, nor, no more did I, that such a doom was then in store for me. That he to whom your friendship and affection gave the endearing name of Brother, should be two short years ago passed have been styled a Traitor and murderer. Yet so it is.

One short month more and in whom your generous hospitality welcomed to your happy home will stand upon the scaffold to take his last look of earth. Surrounded by a gaping crowd who are eager for my blood, my comrades and myself amid their scoffs and jeers must die. The dread of death with me is small. For I have faced it oft before, unflinching and untroubled. I only dread the mode in which it now must come, and the disgrace attendant on it. The only ties that bind me are the ties of kindred and affection. These it is true bring with them death's deep agony, and almost crush the spirit with their weight of woe.

Brave men have fallen in this brief, fatal struggle. Comrades who to me were brothers, companions of many a scene of danger, and many a happy hour, sleep in their bloody grave with the cold earth above them. They died as they had ever lived, brave men and true. Eleven of twenty-two fell in the contest. Five more were already doomed; another but awaits his trial to meet the same fate.

Those who fell, died like brave men. Those who yet remain will not shame, I trust their comrades who are gone. We trust shall calmly meet our doom untroubled and unshaken; and our souls with no guilt of intention upon their robes will seek a mightier Judgment Throne, where mercy is not guilt. We will appeal to that higher Court, which Judges of the motives which actuate and govern us.

Our days of earthly life are numbered. But beyond the grave's dark confines we shall spring to a higher, holier life, amid the undying radiance of Eternity. There only can the inmost heart be freed—there only can we truly know each other.

Oh! oft through the long interval of silence which has past, have my thoughts wandered back to the circle of your home. The memory of your devoted affection has dwelt with me ever as a bright beacon of the past—joy's landmark in the Log Book of my life—a footprint on the shore of Time on which my heart has longed gazed with love and hope. Oft in the silence which has passed have I anticipated a happy meeting and a fond reunion round your joyous hearth. And fancy's pencil these bright hopes has tinged with love's own rainbow light. But now we meet no more on this side the river of death. But I trust that we beyond the shadowy stream may meet amid those bright Elysian Bowers where friends no more may part and Farewells are unknown. But before I go hence I will bid you in these last lines, Farewell, Farewell forever on the shore of Earth. And with these parting words accept my love and deep affection for all your kindness to the wayward and erring brother of your adoption. Bid your Father and Mother, Sister and Brother farewell for me. Tell them, though absent, they are not forgotten; that their names are still fresh and green upon the tablet of my memory. That here, within these prison walls, I bear their image with me, and their kindness to the Stranger is graven in undying letters upon my heart.

Remember me to your dear children. Kiss them for me; and with that kiss give them my love and best wishes for their earthly and eternal welfare. And oh! when I am gone; think of me some times; and let your hearts cherish the name of him to whom in your love and friendship you gave the name of Brother.

And let me still, although an inmate of these prison walls, share as in days of yore in your love and still hold converse with you in your happy home. Write to me and let me know of your welfare and happiness. Forgive me still with the same love and affection that you were wont to feel for me in my boyhood days. Accept my love and best wishes for your happiness and prosperity. Good bye, and may God be with you, and bless you in the prayer of him who here subscribes himself the Brother of your adoption.

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of him whose judgment is just, nor of my own conscience. Nor do I feel degraded by my imprisonment, my chains, or prospect of the gallows.

I have not only been (though utterly unworthy) permitted to "suffer affliction with God's people," but have also had a great many rare opportunities for "preaching righteousness in the great congregation." I trust it will not all be lost. The jailer (in whose charge I am) and his family, and assistants, have all been most kind; and notwithstanding he is one of the bravest of all who fought me, he is now being abused for his humanity. So far as my observation goes, none but brave men are likely to be humane to a fallen foe. "Towards prove their courage by their mercy."

It may be done in that way with but little risk. I wish I could write you about a few only of the interesting times I have experienced with different classes of men, clergymen among others. Christ, the great captain of liberty as well as of salvation, and who began his mission, as foretold of him, by proclaiming it, saw fit to take from me a sword of steel after I had carried it for a time; but he has put another in my hand, ("the sword of the spirit"), and I pray God to make me a faithful soldier, wherever he may send me, not less on the scaffold than when surrounded by my best sympathizers.

My dear old friend, I do assure you I have not forgotten our last meeting, nor our retrospective look over the route by which God had led us; and I bless his name that he has again enabled me to hear your words of cheering and comfort at a time when I, at least, am on the "brink of Jordan." See Bunyan's Pilgrim.

God in infinite mercy grant us soon another meeting on the opposite shore. I have often passed under the rod of him whom I call my Father; and so on ever needed it often; and yet I have enjoyed much of life, as I was enabled to discover the secret of this somewhat early. It has been in speaking the prosperity and happiness of others my own; so that really I have had a great deal of prosperity. I am very prosperous still; and looking forward to a time when "peace on earth and good will to men" shall everywhere prevail. I have no murmuring thoughts or envious feelings to fret my mind. "I'll praise my Maker with my breath."

I am an unworthy nephew of Deacon John, and I loved him much; and in view of the many choice friends I have had here, I am led the more earnest to pray, "gather not my soul with the unrighteous."

Your assurance of the earnest sympathy of the friends in my native land is very grateful to my feelings; and allow me to say a word of comfort to them:

"Without asking the Lord."—The Pittsburgh Dispatch says that when Thomas Cunningham, esq., of Beaver, Pa., went to Kansas, under an appointment as United States Judge, in passing through a settlement he met old Oawatomie Brown, who had just arrived with half a dozen Pro-Slavery prisoners, captured while in arms to assault the Free-State settlers. Among them were several slaveholders, who were discharged by Brown (as Gov. Wise promised to discharge Gerrit Smith) with a lecture, as poor ignorant devils, who knew no better; then, turning to the Northern men with Southern principles, he remarked: "As for you fellows, who ought to know better, having been brought up in the Free North, I must ask the Lord what I shall do with you!" Whereupon the stern old man commenced praying to the Almighty, asking his aid, that he might so dispose of these prisoners as to best promote the Free State cause; &c. in the midst of which Judge Cunningham, after vain attempts at restraining it, burst into a fit of laughter. In a moment Brown ceased praying, and turning his piercing eyes upon the offender, remarked: "And if you don't stop laughing, I shall dispose of you, sir, 'without asking the Lord anything about it.'" It is unnecessary to say that the honorable Court resumed its accustomed grave demeanor, and that the subsequent proceedings of John Brown's drum-head court martial were marked with no levity so far as Judge Cunningham was concerned.

I send through you my best wishes to Mrs. W.—and her son George, and to all dear friends. May the God of the poor and oppressed be the God and Saviour of you all. Farewell, till we meet again.

Your friend in truth, JOHN BROWN.

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